

# The walker

## Christine and the Queens

I am out, for a walk  
And I will not be back until they're staining my skin  
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits  
Violent blossoms akin  
Every night I do walk  
And if there, looking down not referring my chin  
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits  
Violent blossoms akin That's a way to truly be seen  
By furiously scheming in  
Forget the jewels  
I'm livid, friends are shutting out  
Fine on their own  
Blood on my cheeks, birds come by  
One of my stomps and they fly  
People politely smile to make sure I won't come any closer  
I am out, for a walk  
And I will not be back until they're staining my skin  
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits  
Violent blossoms akin  
Every night I do walk  
And if there, looking down not referring my chin  
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits  
Violent blossoms akin Now  
A swollen eye is for days  
Of curious calm, snow in May  
Way better off on my own  
Since no one cries there's no one to blame  
It hurts, I feel everything  
As my sense of self's wearing thin  
Such pains can be a delight  
Far from when I could drown in my shame  
I am out, for a walk  
And I will not be back until they're staining my skin  
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits  
Violent blossoms akin  
Every night I do walk  
And if there, looking down not referring my chin  
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits  
Violent blossoms akin Say now  
I chose to talk with violent hits  
Blossoms again Say now  
I chose to talk with violent hits

Blossoms again Say now  
I chose to talk with violent hits  
Blossoms again Say now  
I chose to talk with violent hits  
Blossoms again

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>